FROM ARCTIC TRIP

ROY C. ANDREWS GLEANS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

For Five Months He Has Been Studying the Pacific Whale in the Interests of New York Museum.

The last few years have been fruitful in the number of exploits by scientists, afloat and afield, at personal risk. The latest of these men who have used the Arctic regions for information is Roy C. Andrews, who has just returned from a five months' trip into the northern Pacific, where in the interest of the New York Museum of Natural History he has been in quest of added knowledge about the Pacific whale, now fast becoming extinct.

"I left New York on April 20 last," said Mr. Andrews, "and arrived at the Island of Vancouver, B. C., about two weeks afterward. Vancouver is several miles off from the coast. Here are located two of the three whaling stations in the Pacific ocean.

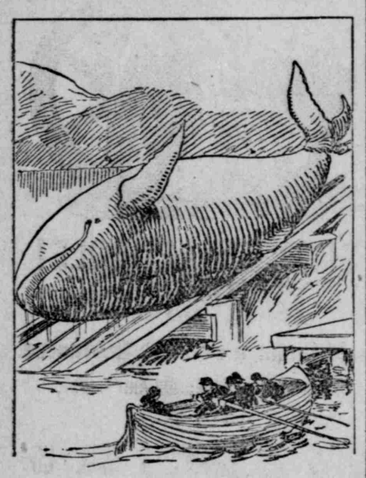
"As a rule in these days it is only in the waters in the vicinity of the arctic regions that whales are found in any great number. Ages ago they were common in the southern seas. But with the growth of commerce they were killed or gradually driven northward. At the present time whale fishing as a regular business of any size is carried on only off the Norwegian coast, the coast of Newfoundland and in the northern Pacific.

"Whale killing is almost a fine art now. The ships are fitted with a cannon known as the harpoon gun, which sends the shaft with such terrific force as to impale the creature and always kill it. Then it is towed to the station.

"I was with the ship on one of these hunts and secured some splendid photographs. Because of the speedy movement of the whales I had to be quick with the camera. So none of the exposures took longer than one-fiftieth of a second, some even less.

"On one occasion we were in collision with a huge finback, a 60-footer, weighing about as many tons.

"When first seen he was just in front of the bow. The captain signaled the engineer to stop, but the signal was



Towing Whale to Station.

misinterpreted and we plowed ahead, hitting the leviathan midships and riding up on his back and sinking him some, of course. When we looked around the head of the whale was seen on one side of the ship, his tail on the other, with his body under our keel. While the captain rushed to the harpoon gun I took a picture which plainly shows the whale's eyes.

"The worst of my experience was with a fog. With two men I was coming 100 miles down the coast from Juneau, Alaska, in a 16-foot boat. Suddenly we found ourselves enveloped in a fog, so dense that we couldn't see 20 feet ahead. We drifted for 48 hours with no food and with very little water.

"Added to this an icy north wind began to blow. We did not freeze to death because we managed to keep one another awake. We did not know but what we had drifted to sea, so when the fog did rise you may imagine our joy at seeing land only a mile away.

"I am more than gratified over the results of my labors. All the data at hand will be used this winter to determine the exact relation between the Atlantic and Pacific whale. I expect to publish a scientific monograph on the subject.

"Dr. Bumpus, director of the museum, was anxious for the investigation to be made at this time. We believe that the time is not far distant when the whale, as a species, will be practically extinct, taking their place with the mastodon. Like the American buffalo, they are fast disappearing before the demands of commerce. Occasionally a spermaceti whale is caught. It is from this whale that the valuable spermaceti oil and ambergris is taken. The oil sells at about $100 a pound, the ambergris at $60 a pound."

Suitable to the Occasion.

Capitalist—Is this polar expedition a hot-air proposition?

Practical Explorer—Not if we can get the cold cash.—Baltimore American.

Originality.

"What original characters Scribbler draws!"

"Entirely so. There was never anybody in real life anything like them."—Cleveland Leader.

The 14 public libraries of Chicago contain 1,432,931 volumes, not including pamphlets and maps.

VOUCHED FOR THE BARKEEPER.

Washington Temperance Official Was Put in a Tight Place.

There comes over a certain official in this city a feeling of sadness that his soul cannot resist when he considers the misfortune attending him who seeks to aid his brother man, writes a Washington correspondent.

Last week an individual from Ireland, verdant as the grass of his Emerald Isle, drifted into Washington and besought aid of friends that he might land a position lightly tossing mixtures across the festive bar.

He met a friend, also Irish, and to this friend he confessed his ambition to become a first-class mixologist in the capital of the nation. The friend remembered the official, who is a proper prohibitionist, and called him up over the phone.

"I've a friend just arrived from Ireland," said he, "and I want you as a personal favor to write him a neat little letter explaining that you regard him as an ideal concoctor of mixed bug juice. Take it from me he is. He mixed me a cocktail once that floated me for a week. I know what I'm talking about."

So the dear, kind official who never drinks—never, never drinks, mind you—agreed to write for the ardent mixologist a letter of effusiveness that would touch the heart of any barkeep in town.

Toward a business office, where the official and numerous co-workers and the man who hires him were gathered, the man with the ambition wended his weary way.

The official was seated in a calm state delivering an eloquent address on the beauties of lemonade to an appreciative audience, when from without the door came a booming voice, inquiring whether Mr.—— was around.

The official looked up on hearing his name called and inquired who desired the pleasure of his company and conversation.

In walked the man with the ambition to mix them for Washington citizens, his genial face aglow with sunburn and perspiration.

"O'm lukin' for a man by the name of Misther ——," reiterated the man with the ambition, "are you him?"

"I am he," replied the official, impressively and gramattically.

"Oi'm the bahr-thinder thot's lukin' fer a letter of testimonial," announced the man from the Emerald Isle.

Somebody snickered.

The official let out a noise like the snort of a wounded walrus.

"My man," he protested, "I—"

"Yis, I know," remarked the son of Erin, "but yez see they told me thot if Oi could git thot litter of recommindashun from ye, Oi could git a job at any place in town."

The official—the official who never drinks—gazed at the apoplectic faces of his dear friends, and at the look of mild, sad "how could you do it" reproach on the face of the man who hires him, and he turned toward the fatuously happy searcher for a position as dispenser of drinkables.

"Come, with me, my man; come with me," he said, in a slightly choked voice, taking the seeker after a position by the arm.

Together they walked away to a little office, where the official, sat down and wrote the letter. And since that time he has been debating whether he would do best to kill the searcher for a position or the man who got him to write the letter, or both.

All Saw to Dog's Comfort.

Is it possible—can it be possible—that Washington has a bad name in the south with respect to its treatment of dogs? Of course in the south there are—according to perfectly unreliable statistics—14 hound dogs to every square foot of territory, and if they all were muzzled—according to the same statistics—'twould take the leather and hide output of the entire middle west for three years.

But to the point. A newspaper man was down in the freight yards of the Union station just the other day and passed a baggage car in which was a box with a slatted front containing two handsome collie dogs, the kind one sees in Landseer's paintings. The box was addressed to New York and had been shipped from a North Carolina point. Tacked on the front of the box was a placard containing a crudely printed sign which read:

"When we're in Washington please give us a drink of water. We won't bite you."

I wonder if that was a slur on the town? But however it was intended, the suggestion was most efficacious. Hardly a man, woman or child passed that crate and saw the sign without stopping to peer in and note if the tin pan in one corner had plenty of water in it.—Washington Post.

Special Quarters for President.

President Roosevelt, returning to Washington from Oyster Bay to resume his final season's work as president, informally dedicated the "Presidential Station." During the absence of the chief magistrate from the capital the finishing touches were put upon the great railway terminal which has been nicknamed the President's station by reason of the fact that for the first time there has been provided in an edifice of this kind special apartments for the use of the president of the United States when setting out upon or returning from a railroad journey.

Length.

Rivers—No; I've no time to go and play golf. Can't you see I'm up to my ears in work?

Brooks—Yes, but that leaves a considerable margin unoccupied. Better come, old man.—Chicago Tribune.

WHEREWOMENRULE

NO EQUALITY OF THE SEXES AMONG THE HOPI.

There the Female Is the Absolute Head of the Household and the Male Little More Than a Slave.

If the suffragettes of England and the equal rights advocates of America could organize their sex as successfully as did the leaders of the Hopi women they could accomplish their ends in short order. Once upon a time (and this is not a fairy tale either), the Hopi squaws grew tired of the

HOPI GIRL SHOWING STYLE OF HAIRDRESSING

tyranny of the lazy lords of the mesas and went out on strike, removing to a distant mesa so difficult of access that they could easily defend it against forcible invasion. For a time the men refused to worry, believing that the women would soon tire of their Adamless Eden; but as days grew into weeks with no sign of surrender from the women the men began to negotiate for a restoration of domestic union. To all overtures of this kind the women returned but one answer. They were ready to return to their homes whenever the men were ready to concede to them the mastery of the household. It was a bitter pill, without sugar coating, but the men were compelled to swallow it.

This earliest and most successful of all women's rights movements occurred so long ago that tradition gives no hint of the epoch, and the name of the female Napoleon who carried through this remarkable campaign has been lost in the mists of ages. Nevertheless the work of the Hopi suffragettes still lives. In the strange stone cities, perched high on the summits of the Arizona mesas, the women still rule the roost and the men play a sorry second fiddle. Among all other tribes of American aborigines the squaws are drudges and beasts of burden, trained to fetch and carry and cater to the caprices of the dirty braves with abject humility. In Hopiland the positions of the sexes are exactly reversed.

There the men perform the most menial of household tasks, till the fields, attend to the sheep, goats and burros, weave blankets, belts and ceremonial robes, mind the babies, and in general do as their wives bid them. The fine art work of the Hopis—basket making and pottery manufacture—are reserved for the women, apparently in the belief that man's inferiority renders him unfit for the serious business of life. It is worthy of note that the blankets woven by the Hopi men are so inferior to those woven by the Navajo women that there is no room for comparison, while the pottery made by the Hopi women is the finest of its kind in the world, and their baskets have no superiors. Even the most dearly cherished prerogative of masculinity in other parts of the world—that of selecting a life partner—has been usurped by the women of the Hopis. Whenever a girl makes her choice of a husband she goes to consult the youth's mother. If the mother is willing to accept the candidate for a daughter-in-law the business is settled on the spot, and the man in the case must make the best of it. To consult either him or his father or the girl's father would be considered as ridiculous as unnecessary.

Once the question of marriage has been settled the girl must grind meal for 30 days for her prospective mother-in-law, while the man must weave his future wife's wedding dress, embroider it by hand, and plant the crops for the maintenance of his household.

Inevitably this relegation of the masculine sex to a secondary position has been productive of curious and instructive social results. Not least striking of these is the poor figure the Hopi tribesmen always have cut in warfare. In the perennial wars waged against them by the Navajos the Hopis always were worsted. But for the inaccessibility of the location of their towns, upon the summits of lofty mesas, the Navajos would have exterminated them. In contempt the warlike nomads called them "Moki," signifying "dead men," while their proper appellation, "Hopi," signifies "men of peace."

Objecting to Acting as Valet.

One of the grievances of Mrs. Clark Black of Chicago, who sued for a divorce, was that she was compelled early every morning to curl her husband's long, silky mustache.

THEIR MENTOR LOST

LEGISLATORS WILL MISS AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD.

Head of National Library, Recently Deceased, Credited with Most Phenomenal Memory of Any Man That Ever Lived.

A man who will be missed is Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of congress between the years of 1864 and 1897, and from 1897 until his death in New Hampshire the other day, Chief Assistant Librarian of congress. All told, he had been attached to the national library in one capacity or another, but for the greater part of the time as its head; for 46 years, having been appointed to a place in the library by President Lincoln in 1861.

He will be missed by a good many different classes of people, but chiefly by the legislators. More than a generation of representatives in congress, and particularly the new fellows, were in the habit of leaning upon the brusque-mannered, book-absorbed Spofford. Yet during all the period, nearly half a century, which the librarian spent in Washington, nobody ever succeeded in finding out what his politics were.

It is doubtful if he leaned toward any party. He was a student and a keen critic of the game, but he never dipped into it to the extent of revealing even a symptom of partisanship.

The difficulties underlying such neutrality may better be understood when it is stated that Republicans and Democrats alike in congress lent ear to his wisdom when they found themselves in tight pinches. He never gave unsolicited advice, but when he was approached by a man desirous of profiting by his experience and counsel he never considered the party end of the proposition, but told what he thought of the situation in a straight from the shoulder, take it or leave it, manner that could admit of no doubt as to his meaning.

Nor did it make the slightest difference to him whether his advice was followed or not. Probably Spofford did not know, in one case out of a hundred, whether or no his counsel had been adopted. He was that unusual combination, a book submerged man who was yet always in close touch with the doings of the world, but he considered the affair at an end when a public man asked him what he thought of a certain situation in politics, got the answer and went his way.

He was well beloved for his sound sense and his humor and a certain quaintness of temperament and disposition by a line of public men extending from Thad Stevens to Theodore Roosevelt. He was considered one of the most learned men in the world. He was the court of last resort in Washington as to knotty points of parliamentary procedure. He wrote a standard book on that subject, and it was no unusual thing for speakers of the house like Blaine and Keifer and Crisp and Henderson and Cannon to ask Spofford to help them to unravel knotty parliamentary kinks that came up.

Perhaps he will be remembered longer for his amazing memory than for any other reason. He could not, as was said of Macaulay, remember the happenings on the day when he was born, nor did he perform such Macaulay feats as committing the whole of Milton or Homer or the Bible to memory. Nevertheless, it was said of Spofford by scholars both in this country and of Europe that probably he possessed the most phenomenal memory of any man that ever lived.

Wants New Fire Regulation.

Chief Belt of the Washington fire department is working for a new regulation to prohibit the stabling of horses on any but ground floors of buildings in the District of Columbia. "In all of the numerous stable fires that have occurred in the District of Columbia during the last 40 years," says the chief, "I have never known of a horse being rescued when it was stabled above or below the ground floor and the fire originated on the first floor. Disregarding the danger to which horses are exposed when stabled above or below the ground floor of any building, it should also be borne in mind that the rescuing of horses from a burning stable is one of the most hazardous duties devolving upon the members of the fire department. These animals become panic-stricken, cannot be led, and the firemen are constantly exposed to the danger of being knocked down and trampled upon. This is true in the case of horses stabled on the first floor, and when they are kept on any floor above or below the first floor the danger incident to their rescue is correspondingly increased."

New Dignitary at the Capital.

The Guatemalan minister attended a reception in Washington recently. As he was leaving he said to the negro who called the carriages: "Call the carriage of the Guatemalan minister—you understand; the Guatemalan minister." "Yes, sir, understand perfectly, sir," he replied, and then shouted at the top of his lungs: "The carriage for the watermelon minister!"

MISS BEULAH POYNTER.

In "Lena Rivers" at the Opera House, Tuesday night, October 20.

BEATEN BY TERRIFIC SEA FOR SIX DAYS

CAPTAIN AND CREW HAVE THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN A HURRICANE.

San Juan, Porto Rico.—After a thrilling experience in a hurricane, Capt. J. B. Morris and five seamen of the schooner Mary B. Judge, from Mobile for San Juan, were rescued by the steamer Julia Luckenbach. The Luckenbach, under command of Capt. W. J. Connell, arrived here from New York, bringing the rescued men.

The Mary B. Judge left Mobile for San Juan with a cargo of lumber. She was due here in the early part of September, but during a considerable part of the voyage calms prevailed. She ran into a gale on September 10, and on the following day it had developed

They Clung Six Days to the Wreckage.

into a hurricane. The schooner's masts were carried away and she was absolutely helpless. The heavy seas opened her seams and she soon filled with water. The captain and his crew lashed themselves to the top of the poop, which was the only part of the vessel above water. All they had succeeded in saving was a little hardtack and a gallon of water.

The water was exhausted in 24 hours, and the hardtack was doled out to each man daily. On the 16th the men caught two gallons of rain, and when rescued they still had a gallon left and eight hardtacks.

They had almost abandoned hope, realizing that their position was off the regular course of vessels, but nevertheless a strict lookout was kept, the men taking turns at the watch, although almost exhausted and with their hands and feet badly swollen. The light of the Luckenbach was seen at 11:40 Wednesday night. It looked like a tiny star in the far distance, but soon was made out to be a ship's light. With some matches and a few splinters chipped from the rail a fire was started in a tin bucket.

The Luckenbach was 100 miles off her course, having proceeded in that direction to avoid the hurricane. Chief Officer Thomas Haley sighted the little fire on the schooner several miles away and bore down upon it. The sea was rough, but volunteers were not wanting, and soon a lifeboat was launched. It was found impossible to bring the boat near enough to the wreckage to take the men off, and, one by one, they leaped from the schooner into the sea and were dragged aboard.

A Hint to Girls.

Girls before 18 should never wear precious stones, unless it be one handsome ring. When school days are over and long skirts are adopted they may wear what jewels they see fit, providing they do not deck themselves in a conspicuous way.

MEETS HORRIBLE DEATH IN THRESHING MACHINE

FARMER TRIPS OVER ROPE AND BODY IS GROUND BY WHIRLING DISKS.

New Brunswick, N. J.—The brain of a Poe could hardly conceive a death more horrible than that suffered here by Abraham Gulick.

Tripping over some obstruction, Gulick plunged head foremost into the mechanism of a threshing machine and was killed.

Gulick was a prosperous farmer residing on the Raritan River road with his wife and one child. He had volunteered to aid his neighbor, John McDonald, to thresh a crop of wheat, using a powerful threshing machine.

Gulick was feeding the grain into

Gulick Plunged Headfirst Into the Machine.

the machine and calling for more sheaves of the wheat.

"Hurry up, boys! Let's get this done. I am beating you to it!" laughingly shouted as McDonald and two helpers renewed efforts to overwhelm him with the bound grain.

Gulick turned to look at McDonald, took a step forward and tripped. Some say a rope caught his foot. At all events, he plunged head foremost into the machine.

He screamed as he fell. The horror-stricken men working with him stood helplessly by.

Gulick threw out his arm as he descended. This was first caught by the grinding burrs. Slowly he was drawn into the machinery, screaming.

Each succeeding revolution of the wheels brought him closer and closer to his death, and with each inch of approach to the awful opening his screams grew more frantic.

His arm was crushed to the wrist, the elbow, the shoulder, and then the head was drawn in and his face and scalp torn and mutilated beyond recognition.

Overcoming the paralysis of terror, McDonald and his helpers shut off the engine and stopped the thresher and set to work to release Gulick, now unconscious. So tightly was he wedged in between the disks that it required half an hour's work to dislodge his mangled body.

He was still breathing when taken out and was hurried to a hospital, but all hope of saving his life was abandoned by the surgeons as soon as they saw his condition. He died soon after reaching the hospital.

Good Work of Salvation Army.

In a little over two months over $11,000 was expended by the Salvation Army at Toronto in relieving poverty, this amount being turned over by the city and the officers of the army gave their whole time without expense to the distribution of the money, over 600 families receiving aid.